

## NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

## LET AMERICA AID AMERICAN PORTO RICO.

The most awful disaster that has ever visited the United States since the Johnstown flood has assailed our fellow citizens in Porto Rico. It is believed that over **SIX THOUSAND** Porto Ricans have lost their lives. More than **FIVE HUNDRED BODIES** have been recovered in Ponce alone. A **HUNDRED THOUSAND** people on the island are homeless and destitute. The cisterns of Ponce are filled with salt water from the sea, and people there are perishing of thirst. The Secretary of War has issued an appeal to the American people to aid the sufferers.

Let the response be instantaneous. We are just beginning our career as a colonizing power. Let us show that our "benevolent assimilation" is really benevolent. If we were taking possession of islands simply for our own benefit, without regard to the welfare of the people, our progress would be the "criminal aggression" that the anti-expansionists profess to think it. But we know that we have had no such purpose. We know that we have undertaken our new responsibilities with an honest desire to make our presence a blessing to the people over whom we have thrown the shelter of our flag. Now is the time to make this purpose clear to all. Let us prove that America can be as tender a mother to her adopted children as to those born in her house.

England congratulates herself on having had more success in conquering insurrection in India than we have had in the Philippines, but she has never conquered famine there. Spain used to let the people of her colonies die by thousands. Let us prove that if we are new to the business of colonial administration, and if we sometimes make mistakes of policy, our hearts are in the right place.

The blow that has fallen upon Porto Rico would be simply crushing for such an island as that if it stood alone. It is such a disaster as we should experience if five hundred thousand of our people lay dead and eight millions were homeless and starving. But Porto Rico is part of the American Republic. Let us place our exhaustless resources at her disposal; let us bind up her wounds and enfold her in a great nation's

loving protection. Let the flag that floats over her schoolhouses have for her a new meaning from this day.

The aid to be given should be as far as possible national. As Congress is not in session to make appropriations it will be necessary to depend largely upon private benevolence, which should flow without stint or delay, but whatever the Government can do under the broad latitude of military power should be done, and all that is done by individuals should bear the stamp of national authority.

The Secretary of War has ordered ships to carry provisions to the devastated island. That is well as far as it goes. Let us follow it up with supplies of materials for rebuilding the shattered houses, and army engineers to lay out public improvements for the employment of the destitute.

The news that Porto Rico has been raised from her misfortunes by American good will and restored to prosperity and comfort will show the people of all our new possessions and of all the neighboring lands that incorporation into the United States is the most desirable thing that can happen to any small community. Alone, such a community may be prostrated by a single blow. Under our flag it is backed by the world's greatest republic, and nothing can do it permanent harm.

This is a lesson that even Aguinaldo may learn if he be capable of assimilating a new idea. If he could secure the independence he is fighting for he would cut his people off from the greatest reservoir of practical, effective sympathy that mankind has ever known. Storm, floods, pestilence and famine will never be allowed to ravage any region under the American flag without meeting prompt and thorough measures of relief.

Let us restore happiness to Porto Rico without counting the cost.

And then there will be one story, at least, that may be allowed to pass over the wires to Manila without interference from the censorship.

## A GREAT GERMAN CO-OPERATOR.

The name of Hermann Schulze-De-litzsch, to whose memory a monument was unveiled in Berlin a few days ago, well deserves a mention in the Journal. There cannot be the least doubt that his name will be remembered in Germany for a century or two simply on account of the virulent but most eloquent pamphlet which the great Socialist agitator, Lassalle, directed against him and the title of which was that name, and nothing else. It is one of the most perfect specimens of modern German literature.

But Schulze has no need of reputation borrowed from Lassalle, as this monument proves. He occupies in Germany the same position with regard to co-operation that Lloyd Jones and Thomas Hughes do in England and Charles Glide in France.

In the revolutionary year 1848 he was elected a representative to the National Assembly at Frankfurt. There he was chosen a member of a committee to investigate the distress among the working classes. This led him to devise a system of co-operation, to which he devoted all the rest of his life. It is a system that has continued in operation from that time to this, and has undoubtedly done a great deal of good.

But his scheme was very different from that of other co-operators, and this it was that brought him into conflict with the German Socialists and their eloquent champion, Lassalle.

The point is, that in his opinion the best way of helping the working classes did not consist in assisting them directly, but in assisting their employers, and especially the small employers.

For that purpose he established all over the empire a great number of savings, loan and co-operative societies for the purchase of raw materials, for building factories and for helping small employers to the use of capital for the payment of wages.

These societies still exist in great number in Germany, and who shall say that the work of their founder was not more fruitful than that of the great Lassalle and all the millions of revolutionary Socialists in that country?

## ALLEGED CAUSES OF INSANITY.

Statements in regard to insanity and its causes are often laughable and misleading. This is not the fault of the recorder, for anything that crosses the emotional horizon is clutched at by a mind that is vague and wandering—anything startling or new—to explain unpleasant and excitable moods. To some passing fact or incident the sufferer and his friends are apt to ascribe his unhappy condition, as if insanity were like an attack of indigestion brought on by something that disagreed with him.

On the contrary, insanity is a distinct entity, a disease. It shows itself in different ways; is acute, chronic, curable or incurable, according to its special nature. Nearly all forms are alike in one particular, and that is the presence of hallucinations and delusions, though insanity is possible without either. When a man hears, sees, touches, tastes and smells what does not exist, and has false ideas concerning friends and strangers that he cannot be reasoned out of, he is in a bad way mentally. Anything that makes a deep impression will be given as a cause.

Witness the following reasons assigned for insanity:

Reading dime novels so unbalanced a boy's mind that he smothered himself in a sack.

Fear that her belief in the Christian religion was not strong enough caused a young woman's mind to give way.

A man, his sister and her daughter have recently become insane through the study of Christian Science.

The constant recurrence of the ace of spades, the card of death, in fortunes told with cards by a German soothsayer to a thin little woman of forty, who already believed enemies were pursuing her, caused the latter to become insane.

The dramatic novel, "The Sorrows of Satan," is gravely alleged to have driven a young actress mad.

A little child five years old attempts the life of others, refuses wholesome food, and prefers sleeping on the floor to sleeping in a bed. No reason is given for this, as she could not read or study. It just happened, and is sad and unusual.

A woman of thirty loses her reason worry-

ing over the trial of a Christian Science "healer" for manslaughter. A wealthy man takes his life, leaving a strange note saying he had made mistakes he could not account for and trusting the Lord would have mercy on his soul. This man was not studying anything, not reading dramatic novels, nor getting his fortune told. He was just plain insane, suffering from disease or defect of brain that showed itself in written speech and conduct.

When a woman kills her husband to see the color of his blood, and then endeavors to leap from a height to end her own existence, there is no question of any special incident as a cause for this evident mental defect.

The disease expressing itself by the two most common means of personal human communication, speech and conduct, instead of by means of rashes, fevers and coughs, place it among mental disorders instead of in the list of infectious diseases.

The truth of the matter is this: Some abnormal mental state exists; an exciting circumstance brings it into notice, and the fact of the existence of mental disease in that particular individual is made plain to the beholder. Religion, an unlucky card, study, a bad book, or even worry alone, can no more cause insanity than can either of them cause smallpox or measles.

## ROOT OUT OFFICIAL CRUELTY.

It is evidently time to administer a stern lesson to inhuman officials. The exposure of the atrocities at the New Jersey Home for Girls has been followed by similar revelations regarding the management of the Syracuse Institution for Feeble Minded Children.

Another case of official cruelty is that charged against the police by Mrs. Mallinro, who says that her husband was horribly beaten while on his way to the hospital in an ambulance.

To the man or woman of average sensibility any one weak, sick or afflicted especially appeals. One would expect that those trained to the care of such, and understanding their suffering, would be particularly tender toward them. It really seems, on the contrary, as if familiarity with suffering caused indifference to it and bred cruelty.

If this is the case, the community must make it its business to counteract this tendency by making inhumanity react with boomerang force upon the perpetrators.

## THE METROPOLITAN SUMMER RESORT.

The Merchants' Association of New York issues every Summer an interesting and well illustrated booklet entitled "Summer Days and Nights in New York." It gives an account of the many attractions in and around the metropolis which render it such a desirable place for the summer visitor.

Each succeeding season greater numbers of people from distant parts of the country are to be seen enjoying the beauties of our parks, with their shaded paths and winding drives, skimming along the well-kept, level roads of Long Island, or visiting the beaches to enjoy the sea breezes and the surf bathing.

Many of the sight-seers at this time of year combine business and pleasure. The merchant who must go to some large city to buy his stock of goods for next season finds it pleasant to do business where so much of interest and so many opportunities for enjoyment are easily available.

The publication of this booklet will probably be the means of attracting many merchants to the city. It is in accordance with the motto of the association, "to foster trade and the welfare of New York."

## A Workingman's View of Wealth.

Editor of the New York Journal: I hope that you will grant some space to thoughts differing from you on the question of profitable wealth. It is true that labor creates values only when it is "directed to some advantageous, suitable end," that it is "the destination that breathes into death labor the soul of value." But it is also true that it is the managers, the directors, the employers who usually give labor its destination? Certainly not!

The destination of wealth is the consuming of it. And the very fact that an immeasurable amount of wealth lies stored up in the magazines undistributed, while its producers, who are in great need of it, are not allowed to enjoy it, proves best that this most important function of managing entrusted to them is not executed; that their part of labor in the production of wealth remains un-

performed. Hence the wealth retained by them as profit is robbery!

Managing, I believe, consists of lessening the cost of production, either by a saving of time in the production or by lessening the number of men employed in its production. In this they utterly fail.

In industries where production is carried on on a small scale its managers increase the cost of production in two ways: First, by adding a useless force of men, such as drummers, salesmen, etc., and second, by wasting expenses of travel. And while the industries managed on a large scale have improved these faults, they, however, increased the cost of production by backing politicians or political bodies, which has become an imperative necessity to them, and also by upholding militarism.

Thus we see that their management is detrimental to the people's interest, for they not only manage to diminish the cost of production, but increase it. ABE A. BRAUNSTEIN.

## Objects to Being Called a Fool.

Editor of the New York Journal: I beg leave to reply in a way to a very forcible statement written by one John Williams and printed in the Journal. No man ever won the favor of real thinking people—no argument has ever won or gained a single supporter by calling an antagonist in thought and opinion a fool, an idiot or an ignoramus, such as Mr. Williams has been pleased to term all unbelievers. "It needs no ghost" (excuse me for quoting). But we do not need to be told that chaos does not exist. We know that laws exist. You cannot strengthen an argument by saying that savages believe so and so. We generally make those references when attacking some barbarous doings and superstitions.

I confess I am ignorant of what Huxley has ever said, but no doubt exists in my mind that he was an intelligent person. Perhaps he had never thought upon the subject as Mr. Williams has done. How can anything be unthinkable and unknowable, unless—no, there is no unless about it. Mr. Williams is the first person whom I know to have said that he knew what he meant by "God." Science proves, or rather demonstrates, that natural laws exist. It conjectures by right of research, upon the formation of this earth as well as other bodies. The people generally, I believe, are coming to that same belief—the belief of the scientist. But Mr. Williams scoffs at science apparently. CHARLES C. BLANCHARD, No. 214 West Thirty-fourth street, New York.

## What Is Really a Sherry Cobbler.

Editor of the New York Journal: In your issue of the 22d you publish an article headed "Victoria Sets Fashion in Sherry Cobblers." Then follows a list of the ingredients used by Lady Coke, the presiding head of the American stall, etc. It makes a person of experience in the bar business tired to see such errors made by amateurs and students, and there are hundreds of students in the best hotel and club bars in New York City to-day who perpetrate as outrageous mixtures on the public as the above. A sherry cobbler is made as follows, according to the formula used by the old school of twenty-five or thirty years ago: One teaspoonful sugar dissolved in a wineglassful of water in a large glass filled with fine ice, three wineglassfuls of sherry, well shaken; trim with fruit and serve with straw. As it appears in your paper it is neither a sherry and egg nor a sherry flip, but is a sherry cognac.

In conclusion, I will make a very broad statement, to the effect that there are only three or four first-class hotels in New York which can boast of having one bartender of the first grade. No good man in the business can live on \$50 a month (the average pay) and keep his family respectably. Students may. AMERICAN.

## The Scriptural Day.

Editor of the New York Journal: I read an article in the Sunday Journal saying that some scientists were conducting an examination for the purpose of discovering the exact age of the earth.

It is astonishing what queer ideas most people have in regard to natural history or geology and its connection with the Bible. Thus, if you were to inform the average devout Christian that scientists determined the age of the earth as millions of years, they would retort with an "absolute disgust for science," etc., saying that the Bible asserts the time of the creation as seven days, or really six.

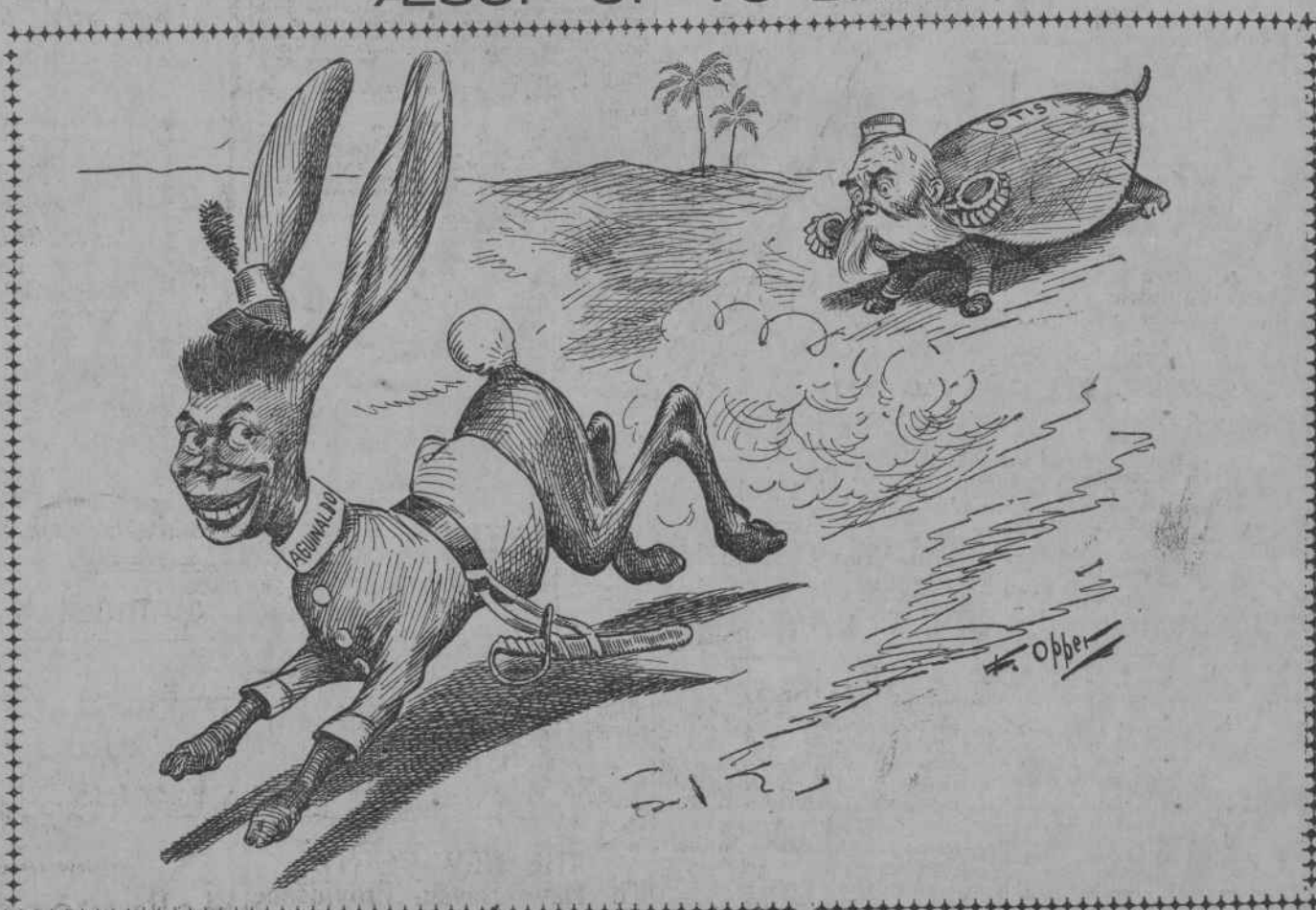
They positively do not know that the word (in Hebrew) which the translators of the Bible determined meant day really means a period of time. Now, meant this period was ten thousand years or ten millions, it matters not. The earth was not created in six days of twenty-four hours each.

Thus science is walking side by side with the Bible, and Christians need not scorn the revelations and discoveries of the modern wise man. SUAD.

## Thinks Bryan a Wonderful Man.

Editor of the New York Journal: Being a daily reader and staunch admirer of your splendid paper, not only for the accuracy contained in its columns, but also for the grand principles for which it stands, I beg leave to ask a question. Why is it that you do not come out stronger for that standard bearer of Democracy and champion of the people, William J. Bryan? Is there a man his superior in the United States? Is there any one who can so successfully lead the Democratic party to victory in 1900 as this wonderful man? Is there one more honest, upright and patriotic than he? I doubt it. W. E. DAIRIES, No. 816 East 133th street, New York.

## ÆSOP UP TO DATE.



An Old-Fashioned Tortoise, who was a contemporary of Aesop, started to run a Race with a Hare, who was a Champion Sprinter. According to the original fable the Hare lay down after a While and took a Nap, and the Tortoise got there. But this was an up-to-date Hare who had never heard of Aesop, and he is Still Running. The Tortoise, who had Orders from Home to keep moving, is anxiously wondering when the Nap-Taking part of the programme will occur.

Moral—Slow and steady wins the race—nit!—(From the Journal's Revised Aesop.)

## "GIRL FROM MAXIM'S" VERY PARISIAN. BUT SHE'LL BE QUIETER IN NEW YORK.

If you are waking early, mother dear, would you kindly sit by me side and tell me how to describe "La Dame de Chez Maxim" to a se-date community? You see, mother dear, I am bound to write something, for Mr. Frohman is going to present this latest farce in New York next season. But I'll bet my irreproachable behavior that it won't be the piece I saw in Paris at the Theatre des Nouveautés.

It will be adapted into shreds, and we shall get its ingenuity and novelty, minus its mulliganawney. If it were played as it is given in this giddy city we should have to check our blushes at the box office. Oh, la-la-la!

If I were in London I should take a dark and rather pensive tone for the discussion of "The Maxim Girl." In London naughtiness sits heavily, gloomily and lugubriously upon one's mind. It is oppressive and material. It is naughty for nothing but naughtiness's sake. In Paris, however, you laugh, shake yourself, and forget it all. It rolls from your intellect like water from a cabbage. Its mission is merely mirthful. A French farce in London would be a horror, for it would be accepted for all that it didn't mean. A French farce in Paris merely passes away an evening. You are momentarily shocked, and "lan! it is over."

Come to me aid, mother dear, for I would not shirk my duty. The girl from Maxim's is first discovered in—er—in—er—well, in bed. The bed belongs to an old doctor who has been to Maxim's the night before, and who has become intoxicated there. La Mome is the name of the girl, and she belongs to the Moulin Rouge, where she dances. When the play opens M. Petypon is very surprised to see her in his room, and has no idea now she came there. The opening conversation is very pretty.

He says "— why ——— explain ——" She replies "— you ——— laugh ——" (Thanks, mother, dear, for those dashes. I hope you have a few more in your pocket.) The doctor's wife arrives, of course, in due season. The

bedroom is separated from the parlor by tapestry. She sees nothing, but finds La Mome's dress on a chair. She takes the dress away, in blissful ignorance of its owner's presence. The girl from Maxim's decides to stay—in an ecstasy of black-magic—and they send out to buy her some clothes. Petypon's uncle arrives, and finding La Mome in his nephew's bedstead, naturally mistakes her for his nephew's wife.

And to this bewildering muddle of obscenity and comicality M. Georges Feydeau, the author, playfully adds sacrilege. Mme. Petypon is a spiritualist. La Mome hears this, and seizing an electric light places it under the sheet of the bed and impersonates a spirit from above, ordering Mme. Petypon away, and promising her a son in due course. Mechanically this is clever and new. Morally it is detestable. And the spectacle of Mme. Petypon and her servant on their knees, while the Moulin Rouge dancer, from the bed, prates about missions, is just a trifle distressing, however jolly one may be feeling. In the next act, for his uncle's sake, Petypon passes off La Mome as his wife. This act is the best of the three. It takes place at a big reception, attended by all the swells of Paris. La Mome shocks them so irresistibly that you writhe with laughter. She kicks her leg over the chairs, and her act is explained as being the latest thing in swagger society. All the swell ladies try to imitate her. The old Duchess remarks: "I wish I could do the same, but my age prevents it." Petypon's wife comes to the reception, and looks upon La Mome as the uncle's wife. The complications are thick enough to be cut, but they are all so plausible and ingenious that you are lost in admiration of Petypon's cleverness. How is it that a Frenchman can never be clever unless he starts from a foundation of utter ribaldry?

One of the mechanical incidents of this play is a new device of an electric chair invented by the doctor. I shall say very little about this, mother dear. If I described it accurately I believe that the ship carrying this effusion might sink. The electric chair will probably be introduced in the

New York version, but its object will not be that which is explained at the Theatre des Nouveautés. They all sink into a happily comatose condition in this electric chair. Guide my hand, mother dear, and let me say no more.

La Mome shocks society at last by an expression so filthy and disgusting that even on the boulevards it causes a fission. If it were used in New York the whole audience would arise and leave the theatre. The third act would be played to an empty house—which, by the bye, wouldn't be a bad idea, for the third act is silly, extravagant and long drawn out. The poor little "Zut!" of Zaza is nothing compared with the fetid interjection uttered by La Mome. But the audience stays and the interjection is not needlessly dwelt upon.

How well they do these farces in Paris! I saw Mme. Cavel play La Mome. She is not considered a beauty, by any means, but she has a splendid figure, and a handsome, plump back. She is graceful, easy and as chic as they make them. Her vulgarity is better than the refinement of a good many actresses. It is laid on thinly, but spectacularly. And M. Gernain, as the doctor, would make his fortune if he were English or American. His gestures, his repose and his manners are capital. Mme. Maurel as the wife can easily be duped. We have a good many nature-planted ladies who are adepts at the art of portraying wives with too-gallant husbands. In fact, the character is one that is quite usual in French farce. The role of an overgrown boy, who is kissed by La Mome, and who brings her flowers to a rendezvous, is admirably done here.

"La Dame de Chez Maxim" is so thoroughly French that I can't imagine what it will be like in English. That it will be a very different thing is quite certain. After seeing it in Paris your morality turns a somersault, and you are not quite sure what is right and what is wrong. You lose yourself, so to speak, in these labyrinthine improprieties.

I haven't done so badly, have I, mother, dear? I don't think I have shocked anybody. I've tried to draw it mild, and I hope I have succeeded. ALAN DALE.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

ON TOPICS OF MUCH PUBLIC INTEREST.

## A Word for Public Ownership.

To the Editor of the Journal: The greed which is now manifesting itself through the centralization of vast wealth is undermining the stability of our country and causing our people to fear for the safety of our Government.

I am not an alarmist, but the accumulation of great wealth, the libelous love of titles, the land-grabbing instinct which is so predominant at this time tend to unsettle the faith of the more conservative in our free institutions. Unless there is a halt, the time is fast approaching when there will be but two classes in this country—the very rich and the very poor.

In my humble opinion, the preventive is for one or the other of the great parties to take up the

question of the public ownership of our railroads, telegraph lines and whatever else seems best for the good of the people as a start to curb this monstrous evil, which is disturbing the peace of our country.

Imagine the cost of a letter from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast if the postal service were in the hands of a corporation. Did any one ever hear of a strike of the army of employees against the United States Government? DANIEL M. MILBINE, Camden, N. J.

## The Blackballing of Belmont.

Editor of the New York Journal: Of course I know nothing of the circumstances which may have led to the blackballing of Mr. Belmont by the Odd Fellows; neither do I know

anything with regard to his virtues or his honor. But if he were one of the meanest men that walked upon the earth I should class him as superior to those who made known the act of blackballing in this lodge. The one who made it public is unfit to be numbered as one of this glorious fraternity. T. S. WAITE.

No Such Law in New York, Unfortunately. Editor of the New York Journal: I am under the impression that an alien or citizen of a foreign country cannot hold real estate in the city or State of New York.

How does this apply to W. W. Astor, now a citizen of England? Is his real estate forfeited to the State of New York under the law? CHARLES WOODBERRY, No. 24 Liberty street.